

Double Edge Sword by sexysiren1981

by Words of Love for Meli

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Summary: I had no desire to harm her; I simply wanted to be in her company in any way I could.

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****Double Edge Sword E&B mystery/romance****

I had no desire to harm her; I simply wanted to be in her company in any way I could.

I long, I dream, I yearn and yet, I never reach out and take what I want. What a fool I am. It would be easy, too easy.

She taunts me as always, a flick of that full mane of lush brown hair, a slight lift of a corner of those pillowy lips, the top one slightly fuller than the lower, begging me to bite its fullness. Sometimes it's a sway to that venom inducing ass as she sashays passed my desk.

Little does she know just how much danger she invites so innocently. For I am not what I appear, I'm the bad guy, not the hero. My whole life is a lie and I am a master at camouflage.

Of deception.

The only truth is that I want her.

Bella Swan taunts me and teases my hunger. She begs for my attention and yet she doesn't know the double-edged sword my desire is. It comes with the awakening of that other damnable desire which would spell the end of her life, as she knows it.

Now, I speak to my class and see her wide hazel eyes follow my movements hungrily. As I speak about American history, I rake my hair back off my face and I cannot hide the lust I feel as Bella eyes my

hand with a longing so blatant I can almost taste it. A smirk lifts my lips ever so slightly as I describe things I've seen with my own eyes. There are few as qualified as I am to teach history and none who are human.

Her top is dark green and low cut, and a lacy bra peeks out at me and lifts her small breasts upward as if offering them to my mouth. I feel my canines growing and I attempt to distract myself from that tasty morsel otherwise known as my student, Bella Swan.

I must hide the monster I am at all costs, the life I've built for myself here depends on my ability to remain as normal as I can appear.

I never venture out on sunny days, which are far and few between in dreary Forks Washington. I never ever forget to wear my contact lenses, even though they dissolve frequently and I have to replace them several times during the course of my working day. It is only at home where I allow myself the luxury of being the immortal I am.

I never feed close to Forks and I don't ever socialise with any of my colleagues. I'm always friendly, polite and distant, a ready excuse always slipping off my tongue when I'm invited to dinners and other social events. It would actually never do for anyone to get to know me.

My steel-like self-control can't be tested to that point and neither can the natural curiosity I engender from humans, particularly women. My copper hair and dark eyes seem to draw them in like bees to a particularly sweet pot of honey. It was as annoying as it was useful.

I have been on the run for longer than I care to remember. My crimes are such that I can never reclaim my place in the immortal world I used to have at my feet.

I close up my argument about the merits of the civil war infantry and cavalry as the bell rings. My students smile their goodbyes as they scramble for their books and tablets.

All except one, who lingers, while stealing glances at me.

I run my fingers along the edge of the massive leather-bound book, which lies, on my desktop. It is a relic from the Tudors era and a gift from a dear human friend, Sir Thomas Moor.

My vast mind allows me to consider the alluring human child who begs for my attention and the memories I keep of a time long since passed, all the while, I debate with myself the pros and cons of stealing some time alone with the edible Ms. Swan.

"Mr. Cullen, please may I speak with you a moment?" She asks her soft husky voice bringing to life my cock and my hunger to feed on her succulent flesh.

I arch an obviously amused brow in her direction even as I nod and sit down in the vacant chair I rarely use. I prefer to occupy myself with the mere act of walking while I speak; it soothes me, that constant motion.

Now, I can barely stop myself from going to her and taking what I want so desperately. I want to have her frail, lush body wrapped around me; I want to be inside her I want to taste her floral flesh even as I adore her sultry beauty.

She is so young, eighteen years old, a child to my vast experience and many centuries of life and death. I am jaded, bored and restless and yet she calms me even as she eggs the raging beast within me to rise.

"How can I help you, Ms. Swan?" I ask politely my eyes eating her up, as I cannot.

She returned my stare, her lack of natural fear surprising me and fascinating me all at once.

She swallowed dryly and I realize that she is, in fact, nervous but just as fascinated by me as I am by her.

Lupine senses tell me that she is aroused and I allow my lips to part slightly so that I can savor that scent on my tongue.

"I'm...I'm ...struggling with your class and...I am wondering if you could suggest a tutor. I really don't want to flunk your class."

I consider her delicately flushed cheeks and rosy lips for a second as I feel the familiar shimmer of raw power scuttle across my skin warning me of my total lack of control around this particular human.

I have battled kings and merchant soldiers, immortal men who were stronger than I was and yet I had taken them all and bathed in their blood. However, this one small girl had me terrified for some reason I couldn't fathom.

I feared for her safety.

And yet I was the creature I feared her safety from.

A devilish pleasure filled me as my words fell unbidden from my lips. "I have some free time tomorrow. I could help you if you'd like?"

A beautiful flush of pink surged across that frail membrane which covered her cheeks and I felt like licking it with my tongue. "You'd help me yourself?" She asked as her heartbeat accelerated wildly.

She smelt like a floral banquet and I was suddenly ravenous.

I nodded slowly, my gaze fixed on her face as I blinked for the first time in minutes. Some part of me hoped that she would realize how strange I was and run in fear.

Okay, maybe not run. Running was never a good idea around me when I was in this fever pitch of arousal and hunger, I mused internally.

"Yes, I'd like to help you, Bella. You're an exemplary student and I'd be proud to help you."

It was true, of course. Never mind that I wished to do other unspeakable things to her too.

Breathless she smiled at me, those pillowy lips stretching slightly as she eyed me with longing. "Thank you, Mr. Cullen. I'm deeply honoured. Where shall we meet?"

How about in my bedroom, I joked internally.

I grinned at her, my thoughts amusing me.

"How about at my house? We would have my library at our disposal and an endless source of knowledge at our fingertips."

Surprise widened Bella's eyes; I'd never invited anyone into my home.

She was the first.

"That would be perfect." She said softly, her shiny white teeth biting her lower lip.

"Come at around 9 am. Is that okay with you?" I asked my eyes trained onto that succulent mouth, a growl building in my chest.

I swallowed the verrucous roar that I could barely contain and rose to my feet far faster than I should. Bella's eye widened still further, their dark depths intrigued rather than fearful.

"I'll be there." She said as she turned to leave. "Bye, Mr. Cullen."

I watched her go, that rounded ass swinging in a tantalizing sway.

I knew I would have to guard against my instincts when I was around Bella. I had no desire to harm her; I simply wanted to be in her company.

This would be a dangerous test for my self-control, but one that I was determined to overcome.

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file.